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# THE CITY

BY BLANCHE M. THOMAS

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THE echo of iron! the drilling of steel!  
 And from far underneath a din and a clatter,  
 Man's striving and strain over gain and its matter.  
 For down in the street things that mingle and meet  
 Are dust lifted papers with rushing of feet;  
 And the ominous sound of a thousand of voices,  
 Aloft, you can't tell if it sobs or rejoices.  
 For down in the street things that mingle and meet  
 Are confusion of choices defying defeat,  
 With a courage that labours unflinchingly keen  
 For the gripping of power and what it shall mean,  
 For the gripping of power and the clutching of law.  
 Each man is a leader, and hopes to be more  
 In those buildings that cut the sky into pieces,  
 Strange columns of thought that each moon-tide increases,  
 Whose power plays havoc with even the wind  
 Lighting the bay where it meets with the ocean,  
 Showing the splendour that man has combined  
 With the forces themselves through his work and devotion;  
 Showing the splendour which man has achieved  
 In his fruits of rebellion from what was believed—  
 Those fruits of rebellion that shadow the sun  
 With a glory untrammelled and copied by none.

The echo of iron! the ringing of steel!  
 Those bridges that arch for the passing of giants,  
 Joining country and city with iron alliance,  
 Engaging the world to admire defiance:  
 How the God of invention has spilled of his wares  
 On these peaks of a city that builds as she cares,  
 The mistress withal of gigantic ambition  
 Still in her travail of mammoth fruition—  
 Fruition that rouses to strive and to spend  
 All worth, in the joy of attaining an end.

The echo of iron! the blasting of rock!  
 It breeds up a rhythm of vast syncopations,  
 A sound of the merging of hundreds of nations.  
 It's the noise of a forge, the forge of the world—  
 Where the scheme of the future is being unfurled,  
 By the voice of a Power that's still unrevealed;  
 Yea! the voice of a Power that shatters the sun—  
 With a glory untrammelled, and measured by none.

BLANCHE M. THOMAS.